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[BY GEORGE BOND.]

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Vol. I.

REVIEW.

ART. I.—The Contributions of Q. Q. to a Periodical work; with some pieces not before published. By the late JANE TAYLOR. New-York. 1826.

No circumstance has, more powerfully, tended to give lustre to the literature of England at the present day, than the number and talents of her female writers. It has completely put to flight the unfounded and degraded scepticism, which denied to the female mind the intellectual capabilities of the other sex, and doomed it to an eternal and unmerited inferiority. The cause, too, in which the efforts of the female authors of England have been chiefly engaged—the cause of virtue and religion, reflects no small share of honour on their moral sensibilities, as the success which has attended them sufficiently vindicates their claims to sound judgment and mental skill. Among these writers, the author of the present Contributions is well known to hold a deservedly high rank, and her merits are not a little enhanced by the fact that she has devoted much of her time to the improvement of the minds of youth. The present volumes consist of essays originally published from time to time in the *Youth's Magazine*, and are every way creditable both to the head and heart of their fair author. We recommend them to the attentive perusal of our female readers more especially;—and by way of inciting their curiosity to know more of the work, we offer the following extracts. The last is worthy the attention of all classes.

"I flatter myself that your youthful readers will not be unwilling to attend to the admonitions of one, who, only seven years ago, was even as they are, that is, one of your youthful readers. I am this day one and twenty; and although my coming of age was an event to which I had long looked forward with no ordinary degree of satisfaction, I must confess that certain reflections with which I am about to acquaint you, have tended very greatly to damp my spirits, and to embitter the many warm congratulations of my kind friends on the occasion.

"Upon retiring to my room after the festivities of the day are over, I feel much disposed to communicate to you the cause of my dissatisfaction; with a view, not only of relieving my own mind, but particularly with the hope that the relation may prove of some advantage to

those of your readers who may still have such a precious seven years in anticipation.

"You must know, sir, that as soon as I opened my eyes this morning, the beautiful frost-work on my window brought to my recollection, as vividly as though it had been but yesterday, the fine, bright January morning, seven years ago, when I awoke in this very chamber in the highest spirits imaginable, with the joyful consciousness of being fourteen. My imagination being then somewhat more sportive than it is at present, formed a sort of indistinct association between the fantastic conceptions of the frosty panes, and my future fortunes. I could imagine groves, spires, cascades, and wide spreading landscapes, representing the bright scenes of life through which I was about to pass. But not to detain you with these chimeras; I arose, as I observed, with a fine flow of spirits; proceeding, not only from a sense of present happiness, but from a sanguine contemplation of the fair series of youthful days that lay, as it were, out-stretched before my view. In seven years I should come of age; which would happen, I found, in the year 1816; and the interval between the present time and that distant date, appeared abundantly sufficient to accomplish all to which my ambition could possibly aspire. I reflected, with exultation, on the vast proficiency I should undoubtedly make in every thing good and desirable, should my life be prolonged to that period. It was my privilege, sir, to have parents, not only kind and indulgent, but such as took the most judicious and unremitting pains with the education of their children; so that I was too well instructed to be looking forward to a succession of vain pleasure, and empty, frivolous pursuits. I was well aware, that to store my mind with every kind of useful knowledge, to cultivate a correct taste, to conquer bad habits, to cherish amiable dispositions, and, above all, to choose our heavenly Father to be the guide of my youth, and my portion for ever, were the only objects worthy the ambition of an intelligent being; and I believe I did feel a sincere desire and intention so to improve my time and opportunities. But without calculating upon past failures—forgetting the time already wasted, advantages neglected, resolutions broken, and the like; and without forming any distinct plan, or laying any solid foundation for future success in resisting temptation, and pressing through difficulties—I imagined that the mere extent of time that was before me, must insure it, and effect all I desired. What could not be done in seven years!"

"Idle thoughts are those which ramble wantonly about the mind, ranging from one object to another, just as they will, without any effort to divert them into a useful channel. It might

afford a profitable illustration of our meaning, if the train of thought passing through the mind of a young lady, for instance, while sitting for an hour alone at her work-table, could be taken down as it occurs. Perhaps she would herself be startled to peruse the motley record. Or should she be disposed to plead in her excuse, that it was rather silly than sinful, let her remember, that "the thought of foolishness is sin." It is not said the thought of wickedness, but the thought of foolishness. And it is so, because it wastes time and talents which might be profitably employed, and for which we must render an account. It is not sufficient that the hands are occupied, the mind may be idle whilst they are busy; and how much mischief and misery may be traced to indolence of mind! Thought is the chief prerogative of our being; the great means of ennobling and reforming it; it makes the grand distinction between the man and the brute. And yet, would it be paying too high a compliment to the capacities of the linnet or the lap-dog, (who we may suppose to be the aforesaid young lady's companions at her work-table,) to presume that the train of ideas or sensations, passing through their brains at the same time, would be at least as well worthy of note as their mistress's? I would gladly amuse my readers with the alternate cogitations of the lap-dog, the linnet, and the lady; but being unwilling to hazard a conjecture with regard to the two former, I leave them to furnish those of the latter for themselves. If "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," it is no less true of idle thoughts. They are the first means he employs to ensnare us; of them we are not much afraid, and, therefore, are easily led on to the next step, which is short and easy indeed.

"By vain thoughts, we may understand those wilful excursions of the imagination, those airy visions of future happiness, (as improbable as they are indeed undesirable,) which, it is to be feared, are by many, not only admitted, but encouraged. If any young persons should yield to this kind of mental indulgence, under the idea of its being a harmless amusement, it can only be for want of observation of their own minds, or for want of sufficient experience of its consequences. Its effects on the mind are much the same as those of intemperance on the body; enfeebling its powers, rendering every present occupation insipid, every duty dry, and creating a distaste for all mental improvement; at the same time that it cherishes the love of self, and blunts every benevolent and generous sentiment. Nor is it too much to say, that an habitual indulgence of these visionary pleasures is absolutely incompatible with religious improvement. The mind, whose favourite employment is forming plans and wishes for

possessing the pleasures, honours, riches, vanities of this world, cannot be seeking, 'first, the kingdom of God;' cannot be 'hungering and thirsting after righteousness;' cannot have 'fixed its affections on things above.' Well, then, might David exclaim, 'I hate rain thoughts, but thy law do I love.' He knew that to love both was impossible, for he sets them in direct opposition to each other."

"That 'what man has done man may do,' is a most stimulating and encouraging truth. It is this consideration chiefly, that renders the lives of individuals who have distinguished themselves in their day and generation so interesting to their fellow creatures; and it is a remark which should be borne in mind, whether we are studying the actions of *great good men*, or of *clever bad men*. In the former case, we should inquire whether we are not possessed of the same qualities, powers, and opportunities, (generally speaking,) with which they were favoured; and in the latter, that we partake of the same depraved nature, and are liable to the same temptations that led them astray. It is not the history of other beings—of those above or below us in the scale of intelligence; it is neither of angels nor brutes, but of men like ourselves that we read.

"It is a common remark, that biography is one of the most useful studies to which we can apply; but we must remember, that its usefulness, to us, entirely depends upon our right application to it. It is idle, indeed, to take up a book of any kind, merely with a view to entertainment; we hope our readers are, all of them, by this time, above so childish a practice: but it is possible to read with a general desire to derive benefit, and yet, without that close, personal application of it to ourselves, which alone is likely to do us good. We would, therefore, recommend, especially to the reader of biography, to keep one grand object in view; and to make this close inquiry whenever such a volume is opened—In what respects is this applicable to me?—How can I make it subservient to my own improvement? We will endeavour to offer some suggestions that may assist the reader in this inquiry.

"Suppose that a young person in the quiet and humble walks of life, should meet with the annals of some great warrior or statesman; he would probably say, 'This is nothing to me, except as mere amusement; I have no ambition, at least I have no talents or opportunities to distinguish myself in public life; I am quite contented with my humble lot; I seek not great things for myself.' Herein, indeed, he would show his wisdom; and yet it might not be true that such a history was nothing to him. Whatever is in itself excellent, is worthy of our attention, and, more or less, of our imitation, however widely our circumstances may differ. Great talents and splendid achievements are necessarily confined to a few; and as we may be virtuous and happy without them, this is not to be regretted; but it is the duty and interest of every individual to aim at excellence, in his own sphere, however humble; and while

it may be the farthest from our wishes or our duty to engage in public services, it may still be highly to our advantage to trace the steps, and to mark the progress, by which great men have arrived at eminence. Many of the very same qualities are requisite to make a good tradesman, or skilful mechanic, which are needed to form a great statesman or general.

"We shall probably find, that such a man was early distinguished from the frivolous or dissolute around him, by devotedness to his object; that he made it his study, his pleasure; not merely engaging in it as a matter of course, or of necessity. We shall find that he was not discouraged by difficulties, but rather stimulated by them to more vigorous efforts; that he never consulted his own ease or gratification, when they stood in the way of his grand design; that he was characterized by a disregard to trifles of all sorts, and by a steady aim at the most important ends. Now, as these, among other good qualities, insured to him success and distinction, so we may be assured, that the same causes will produce the same effects, in whatever situations they are applied. Thus far a little apprentice-boy may learn of Peter the Great; and become, by and by, as distinguished in his trade, as the Czar was in his empire.

"When we read the lives of distinguished persons, we are generally struck with the lamentable mixture of mean qualities and bad actions which sullied the glory of their highest achievements. In the whole history of mankind, there are but a very few exceptions to this remark. From which we may learn, not to envy that eminence of rank or talent, which so peculiarly exposes to temptation. At the same time it should make us watchful of ourselves; since, if men thus eminently gifted, and possessed of such gigantic powers, had not wisdom sufficient to govern their passions, nor strength to resist temptation, what need must there be for us to guard against the danger! For although it frequently appears that clever men are wicked men, it by no means follows, that to be wicked one must needs be clever; on the contrary, it is often seen, that persons of the weakest intellect sink into the lowest degrees of vice.

"From the lives of distinguished bad men, we see the small value, in themselves, of those shining qualities which dazzle mankind. What is genius without virtue!—it is but a splendid curse; proving still more baleful to the individual himself, than to those within the sphere of his influence. But in tracing the career of men distinguished alike by their talents and their vices, it is especially profitable to observe the gradual steps by which they arrived at the height, or rather the depth of their notoriety. There was a time when Nero appeared amiable and humane. Let us not, therefore, conclude, that we shall never be guilty of a crime, because we now shrink from the thought of it; but rather, if we find that we have not resolution to resist the small temptations of the present moment, let us remember that we are in

the high road to vice, although, as yet, but at its commencement. It is presumption and ignorance of ourselves to imagine, that the power of resistance will increase with the strength of temptation. By such self-deception some once promising characters have become the tyrants and scourges of society; from their examples we should learn, 'when we think we stand, to take heed lest we fall.'"

ART. II.—*Mornings at Bow-Street: A Selection of the Most Humorous and Entertaining Reports which have appeared in the London Morning Herald.* By J. WIGHT, Reporter to the Morning Herald. With Illustrations, by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. New-York. 1826.

A work entitled, "*Mornings at Bow-Street*," which has passed through three editions in England, has recently been reprinted in this city. Very few works among our late publications, we think, can afford a richer treat to the lovers of humour than the one in question. The stories, which are written in a pleasant and easy style, are of the most amusing kind, and contain numberless inimitable portraits of comic character. It has been observed, that he who wishes to learn the national or peculiar traits of any people, must look for them among the humbler class, as the polish of society renders the upper ranks of all countries nearly alike. We, therefore, find, that those writers whose forte lies in the delineation of character, devote a great portion of their study to the outlandish "*originals*," as they are called, of low life. It is from thence that the materials of this work are drawn; they are wrought up by an artist of no inconsiderable skill; and many of his Flemish touches, we think, may be compared with those of our countryman Irving.

The following story, though perhaps not the most natural in the collection, is a pretty good specimen of humour which pervades the work.

"UNREQUITED LOVE.

"*Mr. Peter Twig*.—A venerable rosy-gilled Greenwich pensioner, was charged with having created a great riot and disturbance in and about the attic residence of Mrs. Margaret Muggins; and with having threatened to beat the said Margaret Muggins to a mummy, under pretence of being in love with her.

"It appeared, that Mrs. Muggins, having lost her husband, and being short of money and one leg, was some time an inmate of the parish workhouse; and there she was first seen by Mr. Peter Twig, who no sooner saw her than that he felt he was a lost old man unless he could make Mrs. Muggins his own. He, therefore, determined to get himself admitted as an inmate of the workhouse—for even the walls of a workhouse cannot hold love out; 'and

what love can do, that dare love attempt.' He succeeded in getting into the house, and he succeeded in getting into the good graces of Mrs. Muggins. He told her of the battles in which he had fought—all on the roaring sea; he spoke to her of land perils, and water perils; of fire, and smoke, and grape shot, and the miseries of six-water grog; and he expatiated on the splinter that knocked off a piece of his nose; and Mrs. Muggins was moved. 'She loved him for the dangers he had seen, and he loved her'—because, as he said, he couldn't help it. So they eloped together from the workhouse, and took shelter in a three-pair back,* and there they fostered their venerable loves with gin and jugg'd jemmiest† for three entire weeks. But, before the end of the fourth week, Peter's pension money, and Mrs. Muggins' love, were all exhausted, and in spite of his tears and entreaties she left him, and went to reside with her married daughter. Poor Peter was inconsolable. He tried to drown his sorrows in max-upon-tick,‡ but it would not do; for his credit was little, and his sorrows were large, and at length he resolved to move Mrs. Muggins to pity him by casting himself at her foot. But Mrs. Muggins had a heart as hard as any rock, and she would not see him; and he laid himself down at the threshold of her apartment, and wished the door at the devil! So he—

'Built him a willow cabin at her gate,
And call'd upon his love within the house—
Making the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out—Meg Muggins!

"All this gave great offence, not only to Mrs. Muggins and her daughter, but to all the gossips of the neighbourhood; and they insisted upon his bundling himself off, and he would not. Then they attempted to bundle him off themselves, and then he flew into a great rage, and swore he would beat Mrs. Muggins to a mummy, and mollify her heart with his *fistes*, since he could not soften it with sighs; and then they gave him into custody of a constable for fear he should do so.

"These things having been detailed to the magistrate by the daughter and neighbours of Mrs. Muggins—for Mrs. Muggins herself was too much alarmed to appear—his worship asked the forlorn old swain what he had to say to it.

"Your honour," replied Peter, "I have been desperately ill-used. She—she knows she has ill-used me; and yet I can't forget she, for the life of me! When a man's in love, your honour, it's of no use talking to him! They may punch me, and knock me about, but they can't knock the love out of me; and your honour may send me to quod, but quod won't cure me. What is it I would not do for *she*? (Mrs. Muggins, he would have said, but Mrs. Muggins

* A back room on the third floor.

† A *jemmy* is a sheep's head—a favourite dish with those who can get no other. For *jugg'd*, see Dr. Kitchen on "jugg'd hare," &c.

‡ *Max-upon-tick*—pronounced, max-a-pontic—a very gentleman-like term, invented by certain learned taylors, signifying scored gin—or gin upon credit—max being cockneyish for gin, and tick being synonymous with credit, all the world over.

stuck in his—gizzard.) What is it I wouldn't do for *she*? And yet you see how she *uses* me. Your honour, I've served my king and country many a long year, and have seen hard service in all parts of the world, and have seen many places took by storm, and it's desperate hard to be used in this manner after all!"

"His worship admitted that it was very hard; but as it was evident the lady was determined not to yield, it behooved him to raise the siege and go into quiet quarters, for he certainly would not be allowed to take *her* by storm.

"Peter declared he had no intention of taking her by storm; and said, if she would only write him an answer to the letter he had shored under her door, he would try to be content.

"His accusers undertook that the letter should be answered—if it could be found; and eventually Peter was discharged, with an admonition to cease from pestering Mrs. Muggins, on pain of imprisonment."

"THE CANTAB AND THE TURKS.

"A pair of venerably-bearded Turks, in the full costume of the East, appeared before the magistrate, attended by one of the porter's belonging to the Home Secretary of State's Office, who informed his worship, that one of the under secretaries had desired they should be conducted before him; they having some complaint to make against a member of the University of Cambridge.

"Neither of the Asiatics could speak a syllable of English, but they were accompanied by a man who offered himself as their interpreter, and who also called himself a Turk—though he was an exact personification of an English stage coachman—a sturdy, curly-headed, red-faced, knowing-looking fellow, in topp'd boots, bird's-eye *jogle*, and poodle *benjamin*.

"To this man one of the strangers talked for nearly a quarter of an hour, with astonishing volubility, and most redundant gesticulation; and, having concluded, the man delivered the following narrative—partly in English, partly in French, partly in Arabic, and partly in a dialect of his own, composed of all the others;—

"The Turks, in the course of their travels, had sojourned some days at Cambridge; and whilst there, had sold about ten pounds worth of their merchandise to a 'college man'—a collegian, whose name and address they produced. The 'college man' did not pay them for the merchandise; but promised to be ready with the money on a future day. When the day arrived, however, he was 'gone somewhere away,' and they could not find him. Some days more elapsed before he made himself visible; and then, another day of payment was appointed; but when that day came, he was gone away again. In short, as the interpreter said, he was 'always far off, round about in the countries—sometimes here, and sometimes there, sometimes everywhere, and sometimes nowhere at all.' In all these eccentricities the poor Turks endeavoured to keep up with him; and urged the chase so warmly, that it would

appear, he began at length to grow confoundedly tired of it; and hopeless of exhausting their patience by this kind of wild-goose chase, he hit upon the following queer contrivance to rid himself of their troublesome presence:—Having apologised for the delay that had occurred, he appointed to meet them on the following morning at a certain public house, about five miles from Cambridge on the road to London. The Turks were exact in keeping their appointment, and they had not waited long before the 'college man' made his appearance. He was accompanied by a young woman; and he proposed to the Turks that they should escort this young woman to London, and take great care of her, as she was very *dear* to him, and all wait at the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, till he joined them; that he would follow them in a day or two at furthest, and immediately on his arrival in town, he would give them a cheque upon his banker for the original debt, and the travelling expenses altogether! This would have been a comical proposition to have made to an Englishman, but it answered very well with the poor Turks, and they readily agreed to it—not doubting but he would keep his word when they had a lady in pawn who was so very 'dear' to him; and they took their departure for the metropolis by the first coach that passed, the 'college-man' taking a tender farewell of the lady, and the simple *Musulmen* escorting her along the road with as much care as though they had been conducting some fair Circassian to the Seraglio of the Grand Seigneur? They arrived at the White Horse Cellar in due course, and waited day after day for the arrival of 'the college-man'; but, to their *astonishment*, he never came, and their patience and faith evaporating together, they at length sought redress, by applying to the Secretary of State, as above stated.

"The magistrate said, it appeared that the collegian, by this unprincipled trick, had 'killed two birds with one stone,'—he had ridded himself of his creditor and mistress at once. The stratagem, he said, was the more unprincipled, inasmuch as it was played off upon foreigners, who were utterly ignorant of the customs of the country; but unfortunately it did not come within his jurisdiction, and, therefore, he could render no assistance. His worship then recommended them to apply to a solicitor; and the interpreter tried hard to make them understand the nature of a solicitor, but the strangers only shook their turban'd heads, and shrugged their shoulders in reply; and, so doing, they walked out of the office."

"JOHN SAUNDERS ON HORSEBACK—A NARRATIVE.

Showing how, like John Gilpin, he went further than he intended, and got safe home again.

Mr. John Saunders, a remarkably soft-spoken, mild young man, of demure carriage, slender proportions, and rather respectable appearance, was placed at the bar, under a (not very violent) suspicion of having stolen a horse; but it turned out that the suspicion was groundless, and that instead of John Saunders stealing the horse, the horse stole John Saunders!

"It appeared, that as Mr. Stephen Marchant, of Turnham-green, was riding quietly homewards from town, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, his horse got a pebble in one of his feet, which made him go lame, and Mr. Marchant alighted to extract it. Whilst he was busied in this operation, who should come up offering assistance but John Saunders, with a large white bandbox in one hand, and an umbrella in the other. Mr. Marchant accepted his help with many thanks; and John Saunders, setting down his band-box in the road, began grubbing away at the unlucky pebble with the spike of his umbrella, whilst Mr. Marchant held up the foot of the horse; and he grubbed and grubbed at it, so earnestly, that at last the spike of the umbrella 'broke off as short as a carrot.' Well, what was to be done now? Why, Mr. Marchant, thinking he could knock out the pebble with a large stone, asked John Saunders to hold the horse whilst he looked for one; and John Saunders readily undertook to do so; but whilst Mr. Marchant was groping about, in the dark, for the stone, he saw, to his utter astonishment, John Saunders on the back of the horse, scampering away towards Kensington as if the deuce was in him—his umbrella tucked close under his arm, and his great white band-box banging about from side to side like mad, as he said.

"Mr. Marchant stood aghast for a moment, and then followed, crying 'Stop thief! Stop thief!' with all his might. Every horseman on the road, the horse patrol, and many foot passengers, hearing this cry, scampered after John Saunders with might and main, and the hue and cry resounded far and wide—

'Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.
And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.'

—Tramp! tramp! away he went, through merry Kensington, down Philimore Place, dashing by Holland House, and so away for Hammersmith, with a continually increasing rabble rout at his heels. But John Saunders gained upon them at every bound of his steed; he shot through Hammersmith-gate with the rapidity of lightning, and wheeling round to the left, down Fulham-lane, he got so far a-head of his pursuers, that they could see nothing but his great white band-box—as it went bobbing and swinging from side to side at his back. Down Fulham-lane, however, they followed him, slap bang!—and on they went, hallooing and hooting, through mud and through mire, through fog and moonshine, till at last he took a desperate leap over the fence of a ploughed field; and when the foremost of his pursuers came up to the gap, even the bobbing of his band-box was invisible!—In plain terms, he fairly 'tipped 'em the double'—he was vanished; and Mr. Marchant, having thus lost his horse, was under the annoying necessity of getting home how he could.

"On the following morning, Mr. Marchant repaired to town on foot, to give notice of the robbery to the police; and almost the first object that caught his eye, on getting into Piccadilly, was John Saunders—still mounted on his Bucephalus, but without either band-box or umbrella. He stared at John Saunders—John Saunders stared at him; and they gradually drew near to each other without a word being uttered on either side. Having conglomerated, John Saunders offered him his horse again, telling him he had 'mounted it by accident,' and it ran away with him; that he wished it at the *dooce*, almost, for taking him so far from home; and, that he was come to town for the sole purpose of advertising in the *noospapers* for its owner. When he had told the astonished Mr. Marchant all this, he dismounted; gave the bridle rein into Mr. Marchant's hand, and then produced the manuscript of his intended advertisement. But Mr. Marchant having no idea of a man's 'mounting a horse by accident,' seized John Saunders by the collar, and gave him in charge to one of the passing patrol, who brought him to this office.

"So far was Mr. Marchant's statement of the affair; and, he having concluded, John Saunders, was called upon for his defence.

"John Saunders, as we have already stated, was a remarkable mild, quiet young man; and he told a story—or, rather, a story was drawn out of him bit by bit, of which the following is the substance:—He resided with his mamma at Clapham—was himself 'brought up in the glass line,' (and truly he seemed as *transparent* as glass,) but was then out of business. On the afternoon preceding the night on which he met with Mr. Marchant and his wicked horse, his *manma* sent him to the milliner's at Kensington, to bring home a bonnet and feathers which she had sent there to be 'done up.' He went to Kensington—called upon a friend, who gave him some Scotch ale—went to the milliner, who put the bonnet and feathers in a large white band-box, and he was quietly returning home to Clapham with it, when he fell in with the gentleman, and his horse with a pebble in his foot; but he wished he never had fallen in with them; for he had been made very miserable by it. He offered his services to get the pebble out, and spoiled his umbrella; he undertook to hold the horse while the gentleman looked for a stone, and the Scotch ale, having got into his head, as he supposed, induced him to get on the horse's back—quite contrary to his intention. The horse ran away with him directly—directly contrary to the way he wished to go—he was hurried along, in a dreadful manner, he knew not whither, till the horse stopped at Brompton; and then he found that the large white band-box was worn almost to tatters by its excessive agitation on horseback, and that one of the feathers of his mother's bonnet was sadly broken. He then considered within himself that it would be impossible to find the gentleman to whom the horse belonged that night; and, having bought a new band-box for his mother's bonnet, he rode home

to Clapham, put the horse in a butcher's stable, gave it some corn, had his own supper, and went to bed dreadfully tired. In the morning he got up early, wrote an advertisement about the horse, and was coming to town to put it in the papers, when he met the gentleman, who was very angry with him, and gave him into custody.

"Mr. Marchant, in reply, said, he was inclined to believe his story, but he thought it right he should be told authoritatively that he was not to play such pranks with impunity.

"The magistrate, therefore, gave John Saunders a suitable admonition, and dismissed him."

"CUPBOARD LOVE."

"Mr. George Pendergast, the principal of a *flue-seaking* establishment—or, in ordinary phrase, a master chimney-sweeper—appeared upon a peace warrant issued at the instance of Mr. Christopher Williamson, a painter—not of pictures, but posts and pent-houses.

"Mr. Christopher Williamson deposed, that on a certain day named, Mr. Pendergast came into his apartments while he and Mrs. Williamson were quietly taking their tea and crumpets, and without any notice whatever, knocked him off of his chair what he was sitting on; and upon his telling Mr. Pendergast he thought such conduct very *ungentel*, Mr. Pendergast told him to make himself easy, for he would 'come it again' as often as he thought proper; from all which, he verily believed, that Mr. Pendergast intended to do him some grievous bodily harm, and, therefore, he prayed the interposition of the law.

"Mr. Pendergast, who stood before the bench, all soot without, and all gin and jollity within, very readily admitted the assault—adding, 'I think, your worship, it was time to give him a bit of a floorer, when I found my own wife in his cupboard!'

"His worship said if that was the fact, it certainly had a rather awkward appearance; but Mr. Williamson assured him Mrs. Pendergast only ran into the cupboard to avoid her husband's violence—'And, upon my honour, your worship,' said he, 'there wasn't a morsel of *crim. con.*, or any thing of that ere sort in the business at all.'

"Mr. Pendergast admitted that he was not much afraid of Mr. Williamson 'in the *crim. con.* line;' and then went on to detail some other provocations he had received from him; particularly upon one occasion, when Mr. Williamson persuaded him to take a ride on the Thames with him, and because he refused to lend him 10 pounds, chucked him overboard right into the river!

"Mr. Williamson denied this, and said Mr. Pendergast went overboard by accident, being rather top-heavy-ish. Mr. Pendergast was bound in his own recognisance of 20 pounds, to keep the peace towards all the king's subjects generally, and particularly so towards Mr. Christopher Williamson."

MISCELLANY.

DER FREISCHUTZ; OR, THE MAGIC BALLS.

From the German of A. Apel. (Continued.)

"At seven," repeated William, "at seven!" and he thought, with a strange feeling of affright, of the soldier who parted from him exactly at that moment. "Yes, seven," continued Bertram, still laughing. "I do not wonder at your surprise; it is not a usual ghostly hour, but Anne would have it so." The latter shook her head doubtfully, and prayed that all might end well; while William shivered from head to foot, and would secretly have vowed not to use the magic balls, but that the thought of his ill luck haunted him. "Only one of them," said he internally; "only one of them for the master-shot, and then I have done with them for ever." But the forester urged him the next instant to accompany him into the forest; and as he dared not excite fresh suspicions of his want of skill, nor offend the old man by refusing, he was again compelled to make use of his wondrous balls; and in the course of a few days he had so accustomed himself to the use of them, and so entirely reconciled his conscience to their doubtful origin, that he saw nothing sinful or even objectionable in the business. He constantly traversed the forest, in the hope of meeting the strange giver of the balls; for the handful had decreased to two, and if he wished to make sure of the master-shot the utmost economy was necessary. One day he even refused to accompany Bertram, for the next was to be the day of trial, and the chief forester was expected: it was possible he might require other proofs than the mere formal essay, and William thus felt himself secure. But in the evening, instead of the commissary, came the messenger from the duke, with an order for a large delivery of game, and to announce that the visit of the chief forester would be postponed for eight days longer.

William felt as if he could have sunk into the bosom of the earth, as he listened to the message, and his excessive alarm would have excited strange suspicions, if all present had not been ready to ascribe it to the delay of his expected nuptials. He was now obliged to sacrifice at least one of his balls, but he solemnly swore that nothing should rob him of the other but the forester's master-shot.

Bertram was outrageously angry when William returned from the forest with only one stag; for the delivery order was considerable. He was still more angry the

next day at noon, when Rudolph returned loaded with an immense quantity of game, and William returned with none; he threatened to dismiss him, and retract his promise respecting Catherine, if he did not bring down at least two deer on the following day. Catherine was in the greatest consternation, and earnestly besought him to make use of his utmost skill, and not let a thought of her interrupt his duties while occupied in the forest. He departed—his heart loaded with despair. Catherine, he saw too plainly, was lost to him for ever; and nothing remained but the choice of the manner in which he should destroy his happiness. Whilst he stood lost in the agonizing anticipation of his impending doom, a herd of deer approached close to him. Mechanically he felt for his last ball; it felt tremendously heavy in his hand; he was on the point of dropping it back, resolving to preserve his treasure at every hazard, when suddenly he saw—O sight of joy!—the one-legged soldier approaching. Delightedly he let the ball drop into the barrel, fired, brought down a brace of deer, and hastened forward to meet his friend; but he was gone! William could not discover him in the forest.

"Hark ye, William!" said the forester to him in the evening, rousing him from the torpor of grief into which he had fallen; "you must resent this affront as earnestly as myself; nobody shall dare utter falsehoods of our ancestor Kuno, nor accuse him as Rudolph is now doing. I insist," continued he, turning again to the latter, "if good angels helped him, (which was very likely, for in the Old Testament we frequently read of instances of their protection,) we ought to be grateful, and praise the wonderful goodness of God. But nobody shall accuse Kuno of practising the black art. He died happily—ay, and holily, in his bed, surrounded by children and grandchildren—which he who carries on a correspondence with the evil one never does. I saw a terrible example of that myself, when I was a forester's boy in Bohemia."

"Let us hear how it happened, good Bertram," said all the listeners; and the forester nodded gravely, and continued.

"I shiver when I think of it; but I will tell you, nevertheless. When a young man, practising with other youths under the chief foresters, there used frequently to join us a town lad, a fine daring fellow, who, being a great lover of field sports, came out to us as often as he could. He would have made a good marksman, but

was too flighty and thoughtless, so that he frequently missed his mark. Once, when we ridiculed his awkwardness, we provoked him into a rage, and he swore, by all that was holy, he would soon fire with a more certain aim than any game-keeper in the country, and that no animal should escape him, either in the air or on the earth. But he kept his light oath badly. A few days afterwards an unknown huntsman roused us early, and told us that a man was lying on the road and dying without assistance. It was poor Schmid. He was covered by wounds and blood, as if he had been torn by wild beasts; he could not speak, for he was quite senseless, with scarcely any appearance of life. He was conveyed to Prague, and just before his death declared, that he had been out with an old mounted huntsman to a cross road, in order to cast the magic balls, which are sure of hitting their mark; but that, making some fault or omission, the demon had treated him so roughly that it would cost him his life."

"Did he not explain?" asked William, shuddering.

"Surely," replied the forester. "He declared, before a court of justice, that he went out to the cross-road with the old game-keeper; that they made a circle with a bloody sword, and afterwards set it round with skulls and bones. The mountain hunter then gave his direction to Schmid as to what he was to do; he was to begin when the clock struck eleven to cast the balls, and neither to cast more nor fewer than sixty-three; one either above or under this number, would, when the bell tolled midnight, be the cause of his destruction; neither was he to speak a single word during his work, nor move from the circle, whatever might happen above, below, or around him. Fulfilling these conditions, sixty balls would be sure of hitting, and the remaining three only would miss. Schmid had actually begun casting the balls, when, according to what we could gather from him, he saw such cruel and dreadful apparitions, that he at length shrieked and sprang out of the circle, falling senseless to the ground; from which trance he did not recover till under the hand of the physician in Prague."

"Heaven preserve us!" said the forester's wife, crossing herself. "It is a very deadly sin, undoubtedly," pursued Bertram, "and a true woodsman would scorn such practice. He needs nothing but skill, and a good gun, as you have lately experienced, William. I would not, for my own part, fire off such balls for any price; I should

always fear the fiend would, at some time or other, conduct the balls to his own mark instead of to mine."

Night drew round them with the conclusion of the forester's story. He went to his quiet bed, but William remained in restless agony. It was in vain that he attempted to compose himself. Sleep fled entirely from his spirit. Strange objects flitted past him, and hovered like dark omens over his pillow. The strange soldier of the forest, Schmid, Catherine, the duke's commissary, all rushed before his eyes, and his fevered imagination converted them into the most dreadful groupings. Now, the miserable Schmid stood warningly before him, and hollowly pointed to his newly bleeding wounds; then the dark distorted face faded to the pallid features of Catherine, wrestling with the strength of death; while the wild soldier of the forest stood mocking his agony with a hellish laugh of scorn. The scene then changed to his mind, and he stood in the forest before the commissary, preparing for the master-shot. He aimed—fired—missed. Catherine sunk down on the earth. Bertram drove him away; while the one-legged soldier, now again a friend, brought him fresh balls; but too late—the trial was over, and he was lost.

In this manner wore away his agonized night, and with the earliest dawn he sought the forest, hoping to meet with the soldier; the clear morning air chased away the dark images of sleep from his brow, and enervated his drooping spirit. "Fool!" said he to himself, "because I cannot understand what is mysterious, must the mystery therefore be a sin? Is what I seek so contrary to nature that it requires the aid of spirits to obtain it? Does not man govern the mighty instinct of animals, and make them move according to the will of their master? Why, then, should he not be able, by natural means, to command the course of inanimate metal, which receives force and motion only through him? Nature is rich in wonders which we do not comprehend, and shall I forfeit my happiness for an ignorant prejudice only? No! Spirits I will not call upon, but nature and her hidden powers I will challenge and use, even though unable to explain its mystery. I will seek the soldier, and if I cannot find him, I will at least be bolder than Schmid, for I have a better cause. He was urged by presumption, I by love and honour."

But the soldier appeared not, however

earnestly William sought him; neither could any of those of whom he inquired give the slightest information respecting him, and two days were wasted in these anxious and fruitless inquiries.

"Then be it so," exclaimed the unhappy young man; and in a fit of despair he resolved to cast the magic balls in the forest. "My days," he added, "are numbered to me; this night will I seek the cross-road. Into its silent and solitary recess no one will dare to intrude; and the terrible circle will I not leave till the fearful work shall be done."

But when the shadows of evening had fell upon the earth, and after William had provided lead, bullet-moulds, and coals, for his nocturnal occupation, he was gently detained by Bertram, who felt, he said, so severe an oppression, that he entreated him to remain in his chamber during the night. Catherine offered her services, but they were, to her astonishment, declined. "At any other time," said her father, "I should have preferred you, but to night it must be William. I shall be happier if he will remain with me."

William hesitated. He grew sick in his inmost heart. He would have objected, but Catherine's entreaties were so earnest, her voice so irresistible, that he had nothing to oppose against her wishes. He remained in the chamber, and in the morning Bertram's dark fears had faded, and he laughed at his own absurdity. He proposed going to the forest, but William, who intended to devote the day to his search for the soldier, dissuaded him, and departed alone. He went, but returned disappointed, and once more resolved to seek the forest at night. As he approached the house, Catherine met him. "Beloved William," said she, "you have a visiter, and a dear one, but you must guess who it is."

William was not at all disposed to guess, and still less to receive visits; for at that time the dearest friend would have been the most unwelcome intruder. He answered peevishly, and was thinking of a pretext to turn back, when the door of the house opened, and the pale moon threw her soft ray upon a venerable old man, in the garb of a huntsman, who extended his arms towards him; and "William!" said a kind and well-known voice, and the next instant the young forester found himself folded to the bosom of his beloved uncle.

Ah! magic of early ties, dear recollections, and filial gratitude! William felt them all; his heart was full of joy, and all

other thoughts were forgotten. Suddenly spoke the warning voice to the tranquil, happy dreamer. The midnight hour struck, and William, with a shudder, remembered what he had lost. "But one night more remains to me," said he; "to-morrow, or never." His violent agony did not escape the eye of his uncle, but he ascribed it to fatigue, and excused himself for detaining him from his needful rest, on account of his own departure, which he could not delay beyond the following day. "Yet grieve not, William," said the old man, as he retired to rest; "grieve not for this short hour thus spent, you will only sleep the sounder for it." William shivered, for to his ear these words conveyed a deeper meaning. There was a dark foreboding in his heart, that the execution of his plan would for ever banish the quiet of sleep from his soul.

But day dawned—passed—and evening descended. "It must be now or never," thought William, "for to-morrow will be the day of trial." The females had been busied in preparations for the wedding, and the reception of their distinguished guest. Anne embraced William when he returned, and, for the first time, saluted him with the dear name of son. The tender joy of a young and happy bride glittered in the sweet eyes of Catherine. The supper table was covered with flowers, good food, and large bottles of long-hoarded wine from the stores of Bertram. "Children," said the old man, "this is our own festival; let us, therefore, be happy; to-morrow we shall not be alone, though you may, perhaps, be happier. I have invited the priest, dear William, and when the trial is over"—a loud shriek from Catherine interrupted the forester. Kuno's picture had again fallen from its place, and had struck her severely on the forehead. Bertram grew angry. "I cannot conceive," said he, "why this picture is not hung properly; this is the second time it has given us a fright; are you hurt, Catherine?" "It is of no consequence," replied the maiden, gently wiping away the blood from her bright curls; "I am less hurt than frightened."

William grew sick when he beheld her pale face and forehead bathed in blood. So he had seen her in his distempered dreams on that dreadful night; and this reality conjured up all those fearful phantasies anew. His determination of proceeding in his plan was shaken; but the wine, which he drank in greater quantities than usual, filled him with a wild courage,

and enervated him to undertake its execution. The clock struck nine. Love and valour must combat with danger, thought William. But he sought in vain for a decent pretext to leave his Catherine. How could he quit her on the bridal eve? Time flew with the rapidity of an arrow, and he suffered agonies in the soft arms of rewarding love. Ten o'clock struck; the decisive moment was come. Without taking leave, William started from his bride, and left the house to range the forest. "Whither go you, William?" said her mother, following him, alarmed. "I have shot a deer, which I had forgotten," answered the youth. She still entreated, and Catherine looked terrified, for she felt that there was something (though she knew not what) to fear, from his distracted manner. But their supplications were unheeded. William sprang from them both, and hastened into the forest.

The moon was on the wane, and gleamed a dark red light above the horizon. Gray clouds flew rapidly past, and sometimes darkened the surrounding country, which was soon relighted up by the wild and glittering moonlight. The birch and aspen trees nodded like spectres in the shade; and to William, the silver poplar was a white shadowy figure, which solemnly waved and beckoned him to return. He started, and felt as if the two extraordinary interpositions to his plan, and the repeated falls of the picture, were the last admonitions of his departing angel, who thus warned him against the commission of an unblest deed. Once more he wavered in his intention. Now he had even determined to return, when a voice whispered close to him, "Fool! hast thou not already used the magic balls, and dost thou only dread the toil of labouring for them?" He paused. The moon shone brilliantly out from a dark cloud, and lighted up the tranquil roof of the forester's humble dwelling. William saw Catherine's window shine in the silvery ray, and he stretched out his arms towards it, and again directed his steps towards home. Then the voice rose whispering again around him, and "Hence! to thy work!—away!" it murmured; while a strong gust of wind brought to his ear the stroke of the second quarter. "To my work," he repeated; "ay, it is cowardly to return half-way—foolish to give up the great object, when for a lesser, I have already, perhaps, risked my salvation. I will finish."

He strode rapidly forward. The wind drove the fugitive clouds over the moon,

and William entered the deep darkness of the forest. Now he stood upon the cross road; the magic circle was drawn; the skulls and bones of the dead laid in order around it; the moon buried herself deeper in the cloudy mass, and left the glimmering coals, at intervals, fanned into a blaze by the fitful gusts of wind, alone to light the midnight deed, with a wild and melancholy glare. Remotely the third quarter resounded, from a dull and heavy tower clock. William put the casting ladles upon the coals, and threw the lead into it, together with three balls which had already hit their mark, according to the huntsman's usage; then the forest began to be in motion; the night ravens, owls and bats fluttered up and down, blinded by the glare of light. They fell from their boughs, and placed themselves among the bones around the circle, where, with hollow croakings and wild jabberings, they held an unintelligible conversation with the skulls. Momentarily their numbers increased, and among and above them hovered pale cloudy forms, some shaped like animals, some like human beings. The gusts of wind sported frightfully with their dusky vapoury forms, scattering and reuniting them like the dews of the evening shades. One form alone stood motionless and unchanged, gazing with fixed and woful looks at William; once it lifted up its pale hands in sorrow, and seemed to sigh. The fire burned gloomily at the moment; but a large gray owl flapped its wings, and fanned the dying embers into light. William turned shivering away, for the countenance of his dead mother gazed mournfully at him from the dark and dusky figure.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE SISTERS.

—Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen qualem decet esse sororum.—Ovid.

To the bosom which has beat with parental tenderness and anxiety: to him or her, who has viewed, at one time, with pride, the lovely offspring of mutual affection and truth; and at another, watched the sleeping babe, with tearful eye, when a convulsive start has broken or disturbed that repose; to such, the story of Three Sisters, passing from infancy to the spring of life, will not be without some degree of interest. The parent will go back to the period when the increased crimson of a mother's cheek, hanging over the cradle of her beloved child, bespoke a feeling of maternity, which wants a name—for there is none which is adequate to

the thrilling sensation, nor can it be conceived, much less paid back or returned, by the object thus hugged to her heart-strings—the parent alone is conscious of it.

It was the glory of a friend of mine to have three daughters, fair as the mountain snow, unpolluted by mortal touch, such as it falls from the fleecy clouds, and lights upon wild flowers in a land of peace and freedom. The periods of their birth followed each other annually, except in the instance of the third born, who was two years younger than her second sister, three years the junior of the eldest. Their minds and persons were the mingled copies of each parent, differently combined; but there was a sweet regularity of feature in all, flowing from the softness of their mother's countenance; and a marked dignity and regularity in the expression of their father's face. In infancy, they were extremely similar to each other, but, as the bud expanded, it took a trifling deviation, the one from the other. Uniformity in dress augmented the interest which they naturally inspired; and when they tenanted the nursery, and accompanied their mother in a walk, or stood by her side in church, or at dessert, the group represented the rose of summer, with its blooming buds clinging to the parent stalk, and sweetly opening to the ray of intellect and gentle growth, which the kind beam of nature poured upon them. As branches expand and take graceful directions, bearing the riches of Flora or Pomona on them, so did these sister-graces exhibit the forms of loveliness and elasticity in shape and limbs, which might, for structure and fine texture, have served for the models of Grecian sculpture. Character was now the last feature, and it was the mirror of the mind, true to its dictates—the hand-writing was fair and legible, the eye bespoke the soul.

Philipina (the eldest) was what was called a perfect beauty; an Italian painter, on seeing her, exclaimed, "Non ci manca niente!"—an alabaster forehead, arched eye brows, luxuriant curling hair of glossy brown, a soft, yet commanding eye of purest azure, small mouth, and fine turned neck—there was nothing wanting for the work of captivation. Belinda resembled her in every thing but the eye, which was darker, and she had the Grecian nose, which forms a straight line from the frontal elevation, and terminates with that pouting lip of ripeness and fascination, which we see given to Hebe. The size of these young ladies was exactly the same, far

above the middle stature, and bearing something striking and commanding in them. Zoe, (the younger,) so called from a whim of her illustrious sponsor, bore resemblance to each, but was less tall, and had not so lively a complexion as the other two. The rose was fainter on her velvet cheek, her ringlets were of a darker hue; and in her eye there was something of a doubtful cast, as if uncertain to mourn or smile; it was gray, but yet so curtained in sable drapery, that it seemed darker than it really was; her nose was a very gentle aquiline; her smile warm, modest, and bewitching; but there was much of the pensive, both in her look and smile; her limbs were of the most delicate mould, but had not all the agile nymph-like structure of those of Philipina and Belinda: the former of which was the mother's, and the latter the father's darling: not that they were wanting in love to Zoe; but it seemed as if their bosoms had poured out such a store of tenderness on the first-born, that the source began to be impoverished, and to yield less than heretofore. This preference might have been felt, but never was noticed by Zoe, who endeavoured, by added duty, to merit what she could not command.

The fortunes of the three sisters bore some resemblance to their share of preference and parental kindness. An uncle had amply provided for the two first, in addition to the marriage settlement, which divided the property of both parents equally amongst their children; the reason for this was the uncle's demise previous to the birth of the third daughter. At a very tender age, the sponsor, above-named, was killed in battle, and left no will, although he repeatedly stated his intentions of making a noble provision for Zoe; disappointment, therefore, became an early acquaintance of hers, but her placid brow bore no marks of it. When the May-day of youth had shone upon these graces, the admiration of our sex, balanced betwixt the eldest sisters, who already began to talk of *setting their caps*, (a term detested by the writer of these pages,) at titled, fortunate, and fashionable youths. There was even a sort of rivalry betwixt them, a kind and playful angling for hearts, a struggle of attractiveness to lure the flutterer from the one to the other; nor was Zoe an impediment to their game, although, at times, she gained some portion of partiality from sweet looks, proceeding from a sweeter disposition.

Philipina vowed that she would accept nothing under a coronet; Belinda would

compromise for beauty, fortune, and a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry, or condescend to take into consideration the merits of an Honourable Charles or Henry, or a very young M. P. with a noble family mansion, and a regiment of militia. When Zoe was consulted on the matter, she could only give her best wishes; as to herself, she had neither thought about matrimony, nor would she decide on any particular choice, as to rank or profession, convinced that mutual affection, a virtuous mind, and spotless character, were the only requisites, with just enough to insure independence, and to maintain a place in the sphere in which she then moved.

Offers in abundance were made to the eldest sister, but she tenaciously adhered to her views of ambition; and although almost imperceptibly attached to a commoner, of fine person, elegant manners, and good fortune, she rejected him, to throw her net at Lord Woodville, who passed his life in the sports of the field, was the terror of the neighbourhood, from his wildness; and at last eloped with a married woman. A baronet courted Belinda, but the powerful charms of Philipina estranged him from her; and when he proposed his heart and hand to her, she rejected him—this was cruel flirtation, for he had gained such an ascendancy over the regard of her sister, that she was almost heart-broken at this wound given to her pride; and in a paroxysm of jealousy, threw out such lures for a young cornet, that he yielded to the enchantress's wand, and ran off with her to Gretna Green. By this she forfeited her father's confidence, and never having calculated on future happiness, similarity of temper, and the many contingencies in wedded life, her husband soon neglected her. They lived miserably for two years, during which time she had the imprudence to inform him of the circumstances under which she accepted him; and they were now separated, having expended the fortune given her in marriage, and being obliged to return home in dependance and despair. Philipina continued her high pretensions to conquest, and refused, successively, three offers, very superior in point of property and connexion, but untitled; one was too old, another not handsome enough, the third wanted nothing but a title; she would still wait; but, as yet,

"There's nobody coming to marry me,
Nobody coming to woo."

And she has got such a name for a jilt, a flirt, and a haughty one, that the men begin to avoid her; besides, her temper is so

much altered, that the chances multiply against her daily; and she has the added mortification of being *pestered* (as she terms it) by a little chubby lisping boy, calling her Aunty—this child of her sister's, becoming a part of the family since his father's ruin, separation from his wife, and forced retreat to the continent, after squandering Belinda's own fortune, and what her father bestowed in marriage on her. Where there is no genuine love, untainted by mere gross passion, interest, the vanity of carrying off a prize, disappointing another, or some such alloy, little conduct can be expected. Extravagance procures pleasure, and pleasure is the opiate of regret; it lulls this feeling into torpor, to which succeeds slow, but consuming fever, debility, a *tedium vitæ*, and a paralysis of all mental activity and enjoyment.

So it was with this young couple, madly come together, paired, but not matched.

A stranger now became a visiter at her father's castle; he was introduced by letter from a near relation, and came to take a day's shooting on the extensive manors of my friend; his polished and prepossessing deportment won him a welcome from every member of the family, so that he was engaged to pass a month at the castle. During this period, the burst of a detonating gun broke the *radius* of his arm, and slightly wounded him in the hand, sufficiently, however, to render it necessary for him to keep his bed for a few days, and to remain some weeks at the castle. Zoe had admired him in common with all who saw him: but until the accident which befell him, was not aware of the hold which he had taken of her sympathy and soft sensibility; her gentle care and amiable solicitude, on his re-appearance in the dining-room, sunk deep in his bosom; and not confining himself to the mere captivations of youth, increased by extreme delicacy, he daily and hourly studied her, the benevolence of her soul, her candid, open disposition, stamped by nature only, and uncontaminated by worldly intercourse. Her eldest sister paid him much attention, and appreciated his worth, but she had the glance of disappointment now upon her brow, and was prepared to sacrifice herself to pride, if an opportunity offered, and to smother the nobler feelings of a natural penchant, and of disinterested admiration. Belinda was wrecked in her hopes, a widowed wife, a mother, without the support of her lord and partner, him whom she ought to have to look up to. The field was Zoe's exclusively; the

intimacy of congenial minds increased, until an intelligence of hearts was established. The fond parents saw, with satisfaction, the happy event which was likely to follow, for the young man was every way a suitable match for Zoe, in point of fortune, high expectations, and superior merit. The hour of taking leave was a bitter one in perspective. Zoe wept in the retirement of her closet, sisters wondered, mamma looked arch, the good father smiled in the anticipation of the sequel. A walk round the shrubbery unbosoms to Zoe the secret of her lover's breast. Four post-horses were ordered the next morning; the departure was fixed; a blank was in every countenance. But scarcely was breakfast over, when the anxious youth requested an audience of his hospitable friend in the library; the father smiled again, but affected to look grave, which cast a thoughtful and melancholy gloom over the expecting lover. But a few minutes decided the felicity of Reginald and Zoe; the departure was but for a short time, to settle all the preliminaries of their union. The sisters attended the ceremony; a tinge of divided feeling altered the features of Philipina and Belinda. Their regrets were different, but she made them alike unhappy. How had their lots changed since their outset in life!—'tis for the softer sex to ponder over this. That all may yet be happy, and that Zoe's example may not be useless to others, is the wish of one who is

THE FRIEND OF WOMAN.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

ORIENTAL APOLOGUES.

(Altered from the French, for the American Athenæum.)

AMED BEN MOHAMED, the author of the following apologues, was a Bashaw under the late Sultan, whom having offended by too candid an avowal of his opinions, he was disgraced and sent into exile. The last six years of his life were passed in the islands of the Archipelago, and divested of much of their ennui by the composition of these fables. His object was to instruct his children in a well regulated and philosophical system of morality; his success will appear from the intrinsic merits of his productions. The first Apologue was evidently written by way of introduction, and is addressed to his wife.

APOLOGUE FIRST.

Already hath the youthful harbinger of day freed herself from the mists of the night, and assumed her flight to the lofty

summit of Mount Atlas. From the crown, which glitters on her front, depart those mild and penetrating rays, which seem to drive before them the uncertain shades of night. The earth smiles at her appearance: the birds with their melody salute her approach; the dew, which silently falls on herb and flower, unfolds their beauties to her view, and lends to every object new life and fresh attractions.

O, my well-beloved! do you not feel her genial influence? She moistens your lids, and spreads over all your charms additional grace and sweetness. With what lively colours she embellishes the scene which surround us. Mark how she strews around upon these tufts of verdure, and these enamelled meads, her thousand sparkling diamonds. It is from her these richly coloured roses borrow their splendours; from her these orange trees derive the delicious flavour and golden hues of their plenteous fruits.

Thus, adorned with the brilliant charms of Allegory, does the Apologue attract our regard, open our hearts, and inspire us with a love of virtue, the true gem of pure unsullied joy and divine wisdom. Let these words, beloved partner of my life, be graved upon thy heart, as thy image is upon mine.

The eternal Parent of all created beings has showered down on our nuptial couch the fulness of his bounty; he has blessed us with a numerous offspring. Let us remember that it is for life alone they are as yet indebted to us.

To the bland nourishment with which your breast so liberally supplied them, do they owe their sound and vigorous constitution of body. It is your duty to render the like service to their mental as to their corporeal faculties. Impart to them, beloved wife, all the treasures of your soul; make their hearts pure as your own. Teach them that tender and affectionate confidence, you know so well to inspire. If they love you, they will be eager to imitate you; wisdom, under your influence, assumes the garb of pleasure.

Who so fitted by nature and the resources of affectionate ingenuity, to conduct their steps along the thorny paths of life? If the sharp brier wound their delicate frames, who can better compassionate their suffering, wipe away their tears, and administer the balm of consolation to their agony and distress.

The fictions of fable would startle them from my lips; they will charm them if de-

livered from thine, which first impressed on theirs the ardent kiss of love.

Your native attractions, your insinuating manners, the melody of your voice, will rivet their attention, and elicit their most heartfelt raptures.

I see them now encircling your knees, hanging on your honeyed words, and esteeming the task of instruction the greatest pleasure they can enjoy.

Happy children, formed to wisdom, and habituated to goodness; the earth shall admire your virtues, and time record your worthy actions. And when appalling death shall approach to make you his victim, far from terrifying you, or awakening despair in your hearts, he shall encounter your looks of resignation and quiet contentment. You shall elevate your hands to the God of the just, and pass from life to death, as you awake from a sleep that has been tranquil and undisturbed.

APOLOGUE SECOND.

The Stork and the Stag.

"Often when death, preceded by his grisly retinue, has pointed out to me my bier, I have put him to a shameful flight by the aid of my so potent knowledge; and as he fled, Health have I made approach with a cheerful front, and with her rosy fingers has she impressed upon my cheeks her vermilion hues."

Thus did an intemperate physician address a sober man, after having rallied him on his ignorance. The sober man then related the following apologue:

A stork* insulted a stag, and told him, "You do not possess, as I do, the secret of healing diseases." "No," replied the stag, "but I do possess the secret of never suffering them."

The ignorant man died at the advanced age of one hundred and five, in consequence of a fall. The physician died at forty, in consequence of premature old age.

* The stork taught men to cure diseases, by the use he made of his bill. The stag taught them to preserve health by exercise and temperance.

VARIETY.

A SKETCH OF CHARACTER.

How fair that form, if virtue dwelt within.—Milton.

I look upon thy face—but while

It seems so bright and fair,

I ask me if that sunny smile

Is wont to linger there?

I ask me if thy bosom's heave

Hides not a heart that's doom'd to grieve,

And wither in despair?

I ask, if peace or joy can be
With beings desolate like thee?—
I knew thee not, thou fallen flower,
While virtue mark'd thy growth;
I knew thee not in thy bright hour,
Of purity and truth:
I knew thee not 'till treachery's ways
Had dimm'd the sunshine of thy days,
The freshness of thy youth!
And then I met thee in thy shame!
Without a friend—without a name:—

An outcast from thy happy home,
A blighted, joyless thing;
Thy journey onwards to the tomb,
A rayless wandering.
Uncheer'd by hope, thy bosom heaves,
Yet, like the rose's scatter'd leaves,
Some sweets still round thee cling;
And dimly thro' thy ruins shine,
Like ivy on the scatter'd pine.
There's beauty still upon thy brow,
And kindness in thy heart;
That smile is with thee even now,
All hopeless as thou art;—
But sorrow's wave too soon will chase
The light of beauty from thy face,
And thou wilt then depart:
As bends the lily to the blast,
Unloved—unknown—thou'lt sink at last!

God cheer thee on that fearful day,
For none will watch thy bed!—
None sigh to see thee pass away,
Or weep for thee when dead!
None seek the lonely, silent spot,
Where, all forsaken and forgot,
Reclines thy lovely head:—
The turf, alas, will soon be green—
And few will know that thou *hast been*!

THIEVERY.—A little treatise has just been published at Paris, devoted to the elucidation of the various branches of the only kind of industry proscribed by the law. It is divided into chapters, the titles of which indicate the nature and importance of the work; such as, "Theft of watches;" "Theft of handkerchiefs;" "Theft of purses;" "Theft of snuff-boxes;" "Theft in shops;" "Theft in bed-rooms;" "Theft by servants," &c. Among the modes of robbery, the author introduces the lottery-office, the gambling-house, and even the minor theatre. If every one who is in danger of being plundered, would buy a copy of this treatise, the publisher would make his fortune.

DECREASE OF RELIGION.—In 1815, after Napoleon's return, a violent royalist

exclaimed to his confessor, who happened to dine with him at Ghent: "What!" exclaimed he, "Henry III. and Henry IV. were assassinated, and nobody can be found to rid us of 'the usurper Bonaparte?'" The priest fetched a deep sigh: "Ah, my dear Sir," said he, "There is no longer any religion in the world as in those days!" (Bonaparte is said to have been much amused with this anecdote.)

From the National Journal.

A winter day! a winter day!
What shall I find to chase away
The dense damp air of a winter day?

Give me a wife whose sunny eye
Shall chase the cloud from yonder sky;
Whose honeyed words and looks will say—
Love can bloom in a winter day.

Friendship may come, with plausible air,
To cheer the hours that are free from
care;
But worldly friends soon shrink away
From the frost and storm of a winter
day.

Wine hath a quick, but a passing power,
To dispel the fiend of a gloomy hour!
But it lacks the vigour to drive away
The lengthened gloom of a winter day.

A wife—a wife, whose sunny eye
Shall chase the gloom from a winter sky;
Her, let me find to chase away
The dense damp air of a wintry day.

Menou.—Menou, to insinuate himself into the good graces of the Arabs, took the name of *Abdallah Jacques Menou*, and he issued his proclamations in Arabic and French, and sent them to all the towns, to be made known to the children of the Prophet, by being put up in the most conspicuous places. They were received with the greatest humility and respect by the constituted authorities, who promised due obedience to the "Firman." Sir Sidney Smith, walking one day in the bazaar or market of one of the towns, perceived several papers folded, dangling from the roof, and asked what they were. "They are the firmans of Abdallah Menou, which we were ordered to hang up in the most public places." They had literally obeyed their orders in doing so; and that those sacred firmans might not be injured, they had folded them up in the smallest compass possible, tied them with a green riband, and hung them up where "merchants most do congregate."

THE ATHENÆUM.

Tactus soli natalis amore.

NEW-YORK:

THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1836.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Our object in noticing this useful institution at the present time, is simply to record the gratifying fact of its successful progress, and to urge on all those of our readers, who are anywise interested in commercial pursuits, to step forward and contribute their mite to the laudable attempt making, to diffuse knowledge and liberal principles among an important class of the rising generation.

SEAMEN'S FRIEND'S SOCIETY.—Under this title, a benevolent association has been formed in our city, with the praise-worthy object of affording moral and religious aid to mariners. To those who are acquainted with the lamentable condition of this portion of the community, as regards their want of moral and intellectual instruction, and their necessary exclusion from any but the most degraded society, the necessity and importance of such an object will at once appear obvious, and worthy of very general and liberal support. Judge Thompson has been chosen President of the society, and, under his auspices, it is to be sincerely hoped, its efforts will prove not unavailing.

PARTHENON LIBRARY AND READING ROOMS.—Among the most effectual means of promoting the diffusion of knowledge and intelligence throughout a community, is the establishment of public libraries and reading rooms. The utility of lectures on any, excepting the sciences requiring demonstration, has been questioned with some degree of plausibility; but we believe that none will ever be found to deny the immense advantages which may be derived from a free access to a well selected and extensive collection of books. The concentrated sources of information placed within the reach of individuals—the advantages of undisturbed quiet, and the moderate price requisite to admission, are circumstances attendant on these institutions, which give them the most decided claims to support and encouragement. There are few large cities, accordingly, in Europe or in this country, which do not boast of one or more establishments devoted to this laudable object, and which are at once public ornaments and benefits. In this city, we have not, hitherto, possessed an institution of this nature, commensurate with the wants, the extent, and the

wealth of our population, This has been the frequent source of mortification to our citizens; but little has been done to remedy the evil, and remove the opprobrium of our inferiority to Boston and Philadelphia. If proper measures are taken, the Parthenon library and reading rooms, now under the direction of Mr. Schenck, may, in the course of time, tend in part to supply the desideratum. It is situated in the lower story of the building which contains Mr. Peale's museum, of which we gave a short account some time since, and it has been fitted up in a style of superior neatness and elegance. The floors are carpeted, and the pillars which support the roof are ornamented with fine red curtains. The daily and weekly papers of this city, the principal ones of the other cities in the Union and in Canada, are here profusely scattered, and they are soon to be augmented by the addition of the London papers. The Periodical Journals of this country and Great Britain, up to the latest date, occupy a separate table, and furnish a rich feast to the curious reader, and the literary lounge.

We would suggest to Mr. Schenck the propriety of furnishing the Reading Room with complete sets of the most approved latest Encyclopedias, the Gazetteers, Atlases, Dictionaries of the several languages, &c. By this means he will completely answer every object intended by an establishment of this kind. His library, although not very large, is daily improving in its character and extent, and we sincerely hope that his enterprise and liberality may eventually be crowned with triumphant success.

POPULAR LECTURES AT BOSTON.—We are glad to perceive that there are several courses of lectures proposed to be delivered in Boston, at a cheap rate, and by scientific professors. Among other subjects, the physiology and natural history of man have been selected as worthy of especial attention. Drs. Ware and Bradford have already commenced their courses on these interesting subjects, and it is anticipated, that they will meet with a generous encouragement from the public. The New-England Galaxy, in noticing the undertaking, has made several long extracts from Lawrence's celebrated work on physiology, remarkable for their eloquence; but, as it appears to us, little calculated, by their heterodox tenets, to command general approbation. Imbued with various erudition, and written in a strain of lofty eloquence, the volume of Lawrence is

fraught with views of religion which should not be too widely disseminated. On one subject, Mr. Lawrence is peculiarly eloquent, and even enthusiastic and deserving of the grateful notice of our countrymen. It is on the superiority of the civil and political institutions of this country to all others extant, and on the wide unbounded field opened in it for the successful and unrestricted cultivation of knowledge. His work has not been republished here, and we have some doubts as to the propriety of the measure.

MOORE'S LIFE OF SHERIDAN.—This is a rich repast for the literary epicure. The subject of this biography was one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of talent, which adorned the literary and political firmament of Great Britain some twenty and thirty years since—the author of the School for Scandal, and the Begum speech. Can we say more? And than Thomas Moore, where should we have found another living writer, who would have entered with more exquisite goût, upon the task of writing the biography of such a man, or who would have executed that task with more judgment, feeling, and skill? To trace the steps of genius from its rude beginnings, through all the difficulties of its progress, up to the consummation of its ardent aspirations is at all times an interesting, and instructive, and gratifying attempt. But to be led in this devious search by the hand of kindred genius, is far more delightful, and delightful in proportion to the rarity of the occurrence. How differently might we not have regarded our Miltons and our Shakspeares, if some admiring friend, blest with a portion of their spirit, and illumined too by their "society divine," had handed down to us some such memorial as this of Sir Richard Brinsley Sheridan, by the author of Lalla Rookh?—Then might we have possessed some insight into the history of their minds, during the eventful period of authorship, and the developement of those astonishing powers which have for ever secured the admiration and applause of mankind. They would have been brought nearer to our ken, even as the bright luminaries of heaven are by the aid of telescopes, and we could have more closely examined their nature, now withheld from our inspection, as it were, by their naked brightness. To return to the volume before us: It is every way worthy of perusal, not merely for the insight it affords us into the character of a master spirit like Sheridan, the curious

information it conveys of his varied and eventful life, and its fund of literary anecdote, but also for the rich vein of thought with which the Biographer has interspersed his narrative, and the occasional flashes of poetry which breaks through the level of his familiar prose, and remind you that it is the author of the Irish melodies with whom you are silently conversing. We had intended to extract largely from this volume, but the range is so unlimited, and the choice so difficult, we have almost given it up. We shall close this short notice with the following extract, the application of which, to himself, by the poet, will not be misunderstood. Speaking of the loss of some of Sheridan's earlier productions, he says:

"If the same kind oblivion had closed over the levities of other young authors, who, in the season of folly and the passions, have made their pages the transcript of their lives, it would have been equally fortunate for themselves and the world."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Dr. Percival's poem, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College, in Sept. last, has been published in Boston. For the following extract from the opening passage, we are indebted to the Galaxy.

Of mind, and its mysterious agencies,
And most of all, its high creative power,
In fashioning the elements of things
To loftier images, than have on earth
Or in the sky their home—that come to us
In the still visitation of a dream,
Or rise in light before us when we muse;
Or at the bidding of the mightier take
Fixed residence in fitly sounding verse,
Or on the glowing canvass, or in shapes
Hewn from the living rock;—of these, and all
That wake in us our better thoughts, and lead
The spirit to the enduring and sublime,
It is my purpose now to hold awhile
Seemly discourse, and with befitting words
Clothe the conceptions. I have sought to frame.

Mr. Cooper's new novel, entitled, "The Last of the Mohicans," will soon be published. It is time—curiosity is up!

The untiring author of the Waverley novels, has put to press "Woodstock"—*Quousque tandem?* He is also reported to have almost ready the life of Napoleon. Can the eulogist of *George the Fourth*, do moral justice to such a task?

PARK THEATRE.—Cooper and Conway made their first appearance on Monday. The latter, by his masterly personation of Jaffier, has added another laurel to his brow. What ails Cooper? Is he sick, or waxeth he old? we never saw him less spirited.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—We beg leave to remind our readers and the friends of Mr. Scott, that his *benefit* will take place on Saturday evening next; when will be presented, Damon and Pythias, with other entertainments.